

De La Soul Lyrics

"Oodles Of O's"

[DOVE:]

Oodles and oodles of O's, you know
You get 'em from my sister
You get 'em from my bro
All I is is man, and once an embryo
Am I solid gold? I don't cast a glow
Yes, I guess it's reflex
Some have no control
I'd rather let a laughter
And tally, off I go
Canoeing in the river or out into the O
You just know we're not
So not play the role
Some are lovey-Dovey, ah you crazy crow
Some shake your hand but
(This is called the Show)
I was John Doe, now I'm Mr. Jolico'
Pissed with the witness, and now I adore
O's got the world 'cause O's was on tour
Girls gave the O's and guys, oh for sure
Where they arose, well nobody knows
What do they mean, well here's how it goes
Oh shoot's got the O's when you hold the dough
You know who you are but they didn't know
And now with respect they flex like a pro
You're first another nigger but now an Afro

Oodles and oodles of O's and
Oodles and oodles and oodles of O's ya know
They givin' oodles of O's and O's
And oodles and oodles and oodles of O's ya know
They givin' oodles of O's and O's
And oodles and oodles and oodles of
(OH!)

[POS:]

Last of the fast Plug pipers at the door
In your eye, burning like rubbing alcohol
Native is the Tongue that speaks the Guacomo
Kinfolk will play this in stere-ere-o
Chanters play the part of a herd at a show
Pos prints the peace on his jeans or Jebos
But let the herd know if beef they wanna throw
Lunches of punches is what I bestow
Oodles of O's has the "Hoo's" in mic checks
O's take the shape of medallions and specs
Don't forget the O's that let the air in my nose

Breathe in the fresh as the stale hit the road
Girls ask for flicks and unblock the pores
Eat the Al Greens, won't sniff the ker-plows
Mase got something to say and it goes:
(Maseo is rockin' on the radio)

Now I think we're talkin' 'bout the oodles of O's
Ya know, I think we're talkin' 'bout the
Oodles of O's, yeah
We're talkin' 'bout the oodles of O's ya know
I think we're talkin' 'bout the oodles of O's
I think we're talkin' 'bout the oodles of O's
Ya know, I think we're talkin' 'bout the
(Oh, shit)

Hoods like to play my Joe, ya know
Guns goin' "bo!" people hit the floor
Don't have a piece but an arrow and bow
Target it firm 'cause I'm head Comancho
Charging barricades like a raging rhino
The donuts come big and some in jumbo
The Landlord is finished but before I go
I'll give a shout out to Quest
And my fellow Jungle Bro's

[DOVE:]

Knocked by the dock of the bay by the shore
Swimmin' in the rhythm of the hi-de-hi-de-ho
Punk Pinocchios gotta go, gotta go
(What's the reason?) to be cheerful
Season is breeze, time to pimp promo
Nuts can no flow if the shade is in the dough
On with me hat, d-d-duh-duh-doh,
Dredlock is heading out the door y'all

We're selling O's, y'all
We're selling O's and O's
We're selling O's at the corner store y'all
We're selling O's, y'all
We're selling oodles and oodles and oodles
And oodles of O's, y'all
We're selling O's, y'all, at the corner store
We're selling O's at the corner store, y'all
We're selling O's, y'all, at the corner store
We're selling O's and O's and O's, O's, y'all
We're selling oodles and oodles of O's, y'all
We're selling oodles and oodles of O's, y'all
We're selling oodles and oodles...